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BIBLIOGRAPHY OF FIRST FOLIOS IN NEW YORK CITY.*



It is impossible to overestimate the literary value of the First Folio edition of Shakespeare's Plays. In all the range of English literature no book is to be compared with it. While it is true that it was "printed from inaccurate quarto editions and mutilated stage copies"; † that sixteen of the thirty-six plays it contains are rejected or doubtful; that there are many typographical errors in it; that so great an authority as Gervinus says it is "of uncertain and unwarranted value," ‡ it still remains the most important book in English literature. "When it is mentioned," writes Halliwell-Phillipps, "that this volume is the sole authority for the texts of such master-pieces as the *Tempest*, *Macbeth*, *Twelfth Night*, *Measure for Measure*, *Coriolanus*, *Julius Caesar*, *Timon*

* Read before the New York Shakespeare Society, Jan. 26, 1888.

† *Shakespeare Hermeneutics*, Dr. Ingleby, p. 9.

‡ *Shakespeare's Commentaries*. Translation of F. E. Bunnett. 1877. Intro., p. 9. In *Much Ado about Nothing*, Actus Quartus, pp. 116, 117 of the Comedies, the names, not of the characters but of the actors, are given. For Dogberry, is printed Kemp; for Verges, Cowley. The list of "Names of the Principall Actors in all these Plays" on one of the Preliminary leaves contains

William Kempt,
Richard Cowley.

This proves that the printer had before him the stage copy, and from it took these names.

of *Athens*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, *Cymbeline*, *As You Like It*, and *Winter's Tale*—were the rest of the book waste paper, enough will have been said to confirm its unrivalled importance. *

In his *Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare* he writes: "It is either in this book, or in the entry of it on the register of the Stationers' Company, that we hear indisputably for the first time of *The Taming of the Shrew*, *Henry VIII*, *All's Well that Ends Well*, *Julius Cæsar*, *Timon of Athens*, and *Coriolanus*. †

Dr. Furness thinks it necessary when studying the Plays to have before us "Shakespeare's own words," "Shakespeare's own text," "the original text." ‡ "This original text," he continues, "is to be found in the first edition of his works, published in 1623, and usually known as the First Folio, which was presumably printed from the words written by Shakespeare's own hand, or from stage copies adapted from his manuscripts. Be it that the pages of the First Folio are little better than proof-sheets, lacking supervision of the Author, or of any other, yet 'those who had Shakespeare's manuscript before them were more likely to read it right than we who read it only in imagination,' as Dr. Johnson said. Even grant that the First Folio is, as has been asserted, one of the most carelessly printed books ever issued from the press, it is, nevertheless, the only text that we have for at least sixteen of the plays, and, condemn it as we may, 'still is its name in great account, it still hath power to charm for all of them.' "

Of this remarkable book—"the great intellectual heritage of our race" §—there are thirteen copies in the city of New York. My object in this paper is simply to describe as accurately as I can, those copies which are in this city.

The Lenox Library is especially rich in the possession of Folios. It is probable that no one institution in the world, with the single exception of the British Museum, || owns so large and valuable a collec-

* Halliwell-Phillipps' Reduced Fac-simile First Folio. Chatto & Windus. 1878. Preface, p. v.

† Second Edition, pp. 156, 157.

‡ Variorum Edition of *Othello*. Preface, pp. v and vi.

§ R. G. White's Edition of the Plays, vol. i, p. cclxxx.

|| The British Museum in 1877 possessed five copies of the First Folio, two of the Second, four of the Third and four of the Fourth.

tion. Not to speak of original Quartos, of which there are many, it can boast of two copies of the First Folio, seven of the Second, two of the Third, and two of the Fourth. In addition to these, it has two copies of the first reproduction of the First Folio on rice paper, printed in 1807. Of these Mr. Lenox writes:—

My copies are of large size, and in fine condition; every leaf of them is genuine.*

One of the First Folios is known as the "Lichfield-Baker" copy. It was purchased at the Baker sale, at Sotheby's, in May, 1885, for £163 16s.† It has a title-page with the date 1622, followed by another title-page dated 1623. It has two cancelled leaves in the play of *As You Like It*. It is 12½ in. tall, 8½ in. wide; is bound by Chas. Lewis in maroon morocco, with gilt margins, edges and back. There are two copies of the leaf with Ben. Jonson's verses; one is a perfect leaf without any water-mark, the other has the verses perfect and with the water-mark of a crown, but the verses are inlaid. Each title-page contains a portrait, which is genuine.‡

The distinguishing feature of this copy is the title-page with the date 1622. Considerable difference of opinion exists among Shakespeareans as to the genuineness of the date 1622. Some accept it—others reject it. Many are undecided.

Dibdin describes one copy of the First Folio as—

Mr. Justin Winsor, in a letter to the writer, Jan. 16, 1888, says, "I don't think they have added any copies since then" (1877).

The Bodleian, at Oxford, in its last catalogue (1843), reports only one copy of the First Folio, and none of the other Folios. This Library is famous for its Quartos.

* *American Biblioplist*, June and July, 1870.

† Dr. Allibone has called my attention to the fact that the two highest prices yet paid have been by women. The Baroness Burdett-Coutts gave for the Daniel Moore copy £716 2s.

To one of our countrywomen belongs the honor of having exceeded this price. Messrs. Ellis & White, of London, bought, in 1884, a copy for Miss Abby E. Hanscom (now Mrs. Pope), of Brooklyn, for which they paid £750. With commissions and freight charges added it cost Mrs. Pope £795 9s. 6d.

‡ Lowndes says (*Bibliographers' Manual*, 1863, p. 2255), "The Portrait by Droeshout served for the first four editions. The genuine state, as it occurs in the first three editions, is distinguishable from subsequent impressions by the shading on the left of the forehead (as it stands before you), which is expressed by single lines, curving inwards from left to right, without any crossing whatever, while in the repaired state, as it occurs in the fourth edition, the lines are strongly crossed and bend outwards. Besides this, the hair is crossed in the repaired state, while in the original it is in single lines."

not large, with no verses opposite, and bound in morocco; has the unique distinction of having the date 1622 on the title-page—which is genuine.*

Mr. Joseph Lilly, who, in the opinion of Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps, is a very high authority, says:—

There is no copy with the date 1622, the figure 3 being imperfectly worked (or battered) in that particular copy in which it appears.†

Mr. Winsor writes of one title-page with "seemingly the date 1622."‡

Dr. Ingleby says:—

Of the First Folio edition of Shakespeare but one copy is known to be extant bearing the date 1622; all the other known copies bear the date 1623, and the edition is generally quoted as of the latter year.§

In a letter to Dr. Allibone, Dr. Ingleby writes:—

Tho' I can't find the place, I know that I have mentioned the copy of Shakespeare Folio 1622-3 in some other book of mine besides the *Complete View*. . . . My theory was that the book was partly printed in 1622, with a title-page having that date: revised once in 1623, before Mrs. S.'s death; and once again immediately after her death. . . . This I take to be the copy in the Lenox library.||

Mr. Lenox says:—

The title-page with the date 1622 is inlaid at the bottom, below the imprint: if by this means the last figure has been tampered with, the alteration is very successfully concealed.¶

Mr. Appleton Morgan doubts the authenticity of the date. In his last book, *Shakespeare in Fact and in Criticism*, page 60, he says:—

But the wonderful thing about this particular copy is that it appears to bear on its title-page the date—not 1623, as it should, but 1622. Of course its history, through all its various owners, down to Mr. Lenox, is well known, and of course there have been theories and theories. But the only

* *Literary Companion*. 1824, p. 814.

† *Literary Gazette*, March 8, 1862.

‡ *Bibliography of the Original Quartos and Folios*, pp. 87, 88.

§ *A Complete View of the Shakespeare Controversy*, 1881, p. 16.

|| "Catalogue of Lenox Lib. Works of Shakespeare," p. 33.

¶ *Idem*, p. 36.

explanation hazarded is, that the date was changed to in some way dodge a copyright, expired or unexpired, which would be most satisfying, except for the fact that what answered to copyright in those days was perpetual, and therefore could not have expired at all.

In a note he continues:—

The microscope shows that the error (that is, if a hoax were not intended) was in a repairing of the title-page—the lower part of the figure 3, which was torn out, having been supplied by a bar, —, instead of a hook, 3.

My own examination has led me to the same conclusion, viz., that the 2 is not genuine. The book is kept in a glass case, guarded very carefully. Dr. Moore, the superintendent of the library, removed the book from the case, and placed it in a bright light, when I examined it through a magnifying glass. After a patient and careful scrutiny I arrived at the following results: I believe that the whole of the first title-page, on which is the date 1622, was not in the original copy, but was inserted some time later, probably in quite recent years. That this insertion was made in two distinct parts. First a blank page was added. The difference in size between this and the regular title-page underneath it is very perceptible. The under page extends beyond it both at top and bottom and on the right hand side; more, however, at the bottom than at the top. Then upon this blank page has been inlaid that part of a genuine title-page containing the printing and the Droeshout portrait. Although this has been done skilfully, and by a practised hand (London book-sellers frequently do this kind of work), still it is very easy to trace the ragged and irregular edge of the piece inlaid.*

The color of the paper is also very different; the part laid on is darker, having that peculiar cast or shade of color which is caused by age or by wear.

In doing this work, that part of the original page containing the lower part or hook of the three (3) was torn off. In order to conceal this imperfection, the manipulator with a pen has added a spot,

* Boaden says of this making up of titles for the Folio: "The process has been to get the head from the second, third and fourth impressions, and let this into a spurious title-page."—Winsor, *Bibliography*, etc., p. 81.

about the size of an ordinary pin's head to the lower curve of the three, just where it was torn off. To the naked eye this is not visible. In fact, when I first examined it without a glass I thought the last 2 was genuine. Under a magnifying glass the alteration is very perceptible, and I have no doubt whatever that the last 2 is simply an alteration of a 3. With the exception of this date, the condition of this copy is excellent.

Of the other copy, catalogued as "No. 2," I have been unable to get any history whatever. It is described as—

2. The same in all respects (as 1), except the date, which is 1623. *

In another place as follows:—

184. The Lenox First Folio, No. 2, is bound, by F. Bedford, in red crushed Levant morocco; with gilt edges, and tooling on sides and back.†

Mr. S. W. Phoenix, of this city, bequeathed to the Library of Columbia College what is known as the "Phoenix" copy ‡ of the First Folio. Through the courtesy of Mr. Dewey, the Librarian of Columbia College, I have been granted every facility for a thorough examination of it. I have inspected it carefully and frequently with a magnifying glass.

It is bound in red morocco; is gilt-tooled; is 12 $\frac{5}{8}$ in. high, 8 $\frac{1}{4}$ in. wide. "B. J.'s" address "To the Reader" is genuine, and in excellent condition. By means of the magnifying glass I discovered a small crack or crease in the title-page. It begins between the L and I in the name WILLIAM, extends downward and a little to the right, and stops just below the left eye of the portrait. It is visible on the under side of the page as well as on the upper side. It is not a cut—there is no opening. The paper is hard and somewhat brittle, and the crack looks as though it might have been caused by bending the sheet and then closing the book. Here and there I discovered spots in some cases (for instance, p. 4 of *The Tempest*), ink spots, evidently caused by the carelessness of the printer; in other

* Lenox Lib. Shakespeare Collection, p. 35.

† Idem, p. 33.

‡ This is the copy from which Mr. Donnelly has taken photographs for use in his forthcoming book on the Bacon Cipher.

cases, grease spots. The paper is slightly soiled. The lower right hand corner of pp. 373, 375, 377, 379, 381, 383, 385, 387 look as if they had been rubbed against some dirty substance. Pages 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399 (the latter misprinted 993) are also somewhat soiled, principally on the outside edge. The text, however, is perfectly clean.

On page 337 of the Tragedies (*The Tragedie of Othello*), at the outer edge, near the bottom, the paper is torn. This is on the outside border, not where the text is. The lower part of the sheet on which are pages 391, 392 is slightly torn and ragged. There is also a small hole, about the size of a pin's head.

Just below the colophon the paper is perforated. It looks as though it had been burned. These blemishes are in every instance on the edges of the pages, or on the last page. The paper is strong. The text is everywhere clean, well preserved, and perfect. When it is remembered that these defects are only visible under a powerful magnifying glass, and after patient search, we may infer that the book is in a remarkable state of preservation—that it is, as Winsor describes it, "a fine copy,"* in fact one of the best-preserved and most perfect in existence.

There are many typographical errors in the First Folio. Many causes have produced this result: there were no proof-readers in that day; the author did not personally supervise the publication; the principal cause, however, was that the book was printed by three or more publishers, in as many different establishments. No one printing-office in London, in 1623, had the necessary type in sufficient quantities; nor was any single publisher willing to assume all the financial risk involved in printing this edition. The colophon informs us that the volume was "printed at the charges of W. Jaggard, Ed. Blount, I. Smithweeke, and W. Aspley"—it was a partnership concern. The work was divided, some of it being done in one establishment, some in another. Hence the pagination is not regular and continuous. The Comedies are pages 1-304; the Histories, 1-205; the Tragedies, 1-369. These typographical errors are not uniform. We

* *Bibliography, etc.*, p. 89.

know that corrections were made as the book went through the press,* hence they are not exactly alike in every copy. Each book is *sui generis*. The Cambridge Editors say "copies are found to vary here and there; generally, however, in single letters only. It is probable that no one copy exactly corresponds with any other copy."† Dr. Furness makes a similar statement: "That the copies of the First Folio vary has been generally known ever since the appearance, a dozen years ago, of Booth's most accurate reprint.‡

The errors in the Phoenix copy are as follows:—

COMEDIES: *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*—the head lines of pages 37, 38 are, in error, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*; page 50 is misprinted 58; 59, 51; 86, 88; 153, 151; 161, 163; 164, 162; 165, 163; 189, 187; 214, 212; 249, 251; 250, 252; 265, 273; 276 is blank; 304 is blank.

HISTORIES: Page 37 is misprinted 39; pages 47, 48 are omitted; page 89 is misprinted 91; 90, 92; pages 69 to 100 have been repeated; page 165 is misprinted 167; 166, 168; 216, 218.

TRAGEDIES: The prologue and first part of *Troilus and Cressida* are unpagged; then pages 79 and 80; then twenty-five pages without pagination, and the last page blank. Pages 77, 78 are omitted; pages 80, 81, 82 are in correct order; then pagination again begins at page 81, and continues to 98; then follows one page with Actors' Names, and one page blank. Pages 99 to 108 omitted. In *Hamlet*, pages 152 to 156; then one hundred pages are omitted, and continuing pages 257 to 282. Page 279 is misprinted 259; 282, 280; 308, 38; 379, 389; 399, 993.

Most of these errors are found in all copies of the First Folio. Some, however, are not.§ And there are errors in other copies not enumerated here, and not found in the "Phoenix."

The Astor Library possesses a First Folio that is sometimes described as the "Stowe copy," from having been in the Stowe

* There are two cancelled leaves in *As You Like It*, in the "Litchfield-Baker" copy.

† Quoted by Winsor. *Bibliography*, etc., p. 78.

‡ Variorum Edit. *Othello*, Pref. p. v.

§ In view of these errors what becomes of the Donnelly theory, which is founded in a great degree upon the pagination?

library. At other times it is known as the "Duke of Buckingham's copy." It formerly belonged to that nobleman, and has his crest on the cover.

It was bought for the Astor Library at the sale of the Stowe library in January, 1849, by Dr. Jos. Green Cogswell. The price paid was £76. It is described in the catalogue of the Stowe library as—

Lot 4943. Bought by C.

Ben. Jonson's verses to the reader, before the title, are inlaid, the title-page lined, and the top line, "Mr. William," is added from another edition. With these exceptions it is a sound and perfect copy, in very good state, 12 $\frac{3}{8}$ in. high by 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.

Rodd wrote Barton of this copy:—

Besides having the first line of the title cut off (a most grievous defect), it had the leaf of verses opposite supplied from the second edition.*

In addition to these imperfections, it is very much soiled. There are many grease spots on its pages.†

Mr. Chas. H. Kalbfleisch owns a copy. It formerly belonged to Colonel Robert Tait, of Edinburgh, and was sold by the trustees of his estate at Sotheby's, Feb. 20, 1878, when it was bought by Mr. Kalbfleisch for £480. This was far below its real value. Shortly after the sale an offer of £800 was made for it and refused. Since then still another and larger offer has been made, viz., £1,000. This has also been declined. Sotheby, in his advertisement, describes it as a "very large copy, measuring 13 $\frac{3}{16}$ in. by 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ in., quite complete."

* Winsor's *Bibliography*, etc., p. 89.

† Stevens accounts as follows for these grease spots which are found in most copies of the First Folio:—

"It should seem that most of his readers were so chary of their time that (like Pistol, who gnaws his leek and swears all the while) they fed and studied at the same instant, I have repeatedly met with *thin flakes of pie crust* between the leaves of our author. These unctuous fragments, remaining long in close confinement, communicated their grease to several pages deep on each side of them. It is easy enough to conceive how such accidents might happen; how aunt Bridget's mastication might be disordered at the sudden entry of the ghost into the Queen's closet, and how the half-chewed morsel dropped out of the gaping Squire's mouth when the visionary Banquo seated himself in the chair of Macbeth. . . . Most of the First Folios now extant are known to have belonged to ancient families resident in the country. . . . I claim the merit of being the first commentator on Shakespeare who strove, with becoming seriousness, to account for the frequent stains that disgrace the earliest folio edition of his plays."—Stevens. Dibdin's *Literary Companion*, pp. 791, 792.

The *Athenæum* (London) speaks of it as "one of the largest known copies of the first folio edition of Shakespeare's plays, quite perfect, measuring thirteen and three-sixteenths by eight and a half inches, thus surpassing 'the Daniel' copy."

It is bound in russia leather, and is elaborately tooled. It is in the style of Roger Payne, and was probably bound by him or one of his contemporaries of the latter part of the eighteenth century. The blank margin of some of the preliminary leaves has been inlaid. With this exception every page is sound and perfect. There are no grease or ink spots in the volume. Mr. Lionel Booth, the publisher of the reprint bearing his name, examined every page of it, and pronounced it "perfect and genuine throughout."

The Daniel copy, which was formerly considered the tallest in existence, is smaller than this one. Besides, from frequent cleaning, its pages are rotten. Other copies which are quite perfect are inferior to this in size. In fact, when size and condition are both considered, this is certainly a rare copy. I question if there are any more perfect in existence.

Mr. Chas. W. Frederickson possesses a copy. It is, as he describes it in a letter to the writer, "a made-up copy, with some fac-similes from the Staunton." It is composed of portions of three First Folios. One of these came from Scotland, the other two from London. It is large, being 13 by 8½ in. The preliminary nine pages are not original. The lines by B. J., the portrait, the dedication, and the six following pages are in fac-simile, being taken from the Staunton reprint. The last nine pages of the text are also from Staunton, that is, from *Cymbeline*, III, iv, 51:—

Thy favor's good enough. Some jay of Italy—

to the end of *Cymbeline*. With this exception, the text is all from original Folios. It is somewhat soiled. There are some grease spots. The former owners have made many notes in ink, principally at the bottom of the pages. Errors in pagination have been corrected in ink. For instance, in *Troilus and Cressida*, page 308 is printed 38. This has been altered to 308. The corners of many of the pages have been repaired, and

the volume has been rebound. It is emphatically a "made-up copy," and the most favorable criticism that can be made of it is that all the text of the plays is genuine except the last nine pages of *Cymbeline*.*

There is a First Folio belonging to the estate of the late Robert Lenox Kennedy. This is not accessible at present. As I have not seen it I cannot give any description of it, except the following, which I take from Winsor †:—

Bought of Quaritch, London, a few years ago. Title partly fac-simile, with good impression of the portrait; has the Duke of Sussex's book-plate. Rodd informed Barton in 1844: "A copy in the library of the Duke of Sussex, and stated to be in good condition. If it really be so, you may rest your mind perfectly at ease that it will be yours within six months." Later he writes: "The Duke of Sussex's copy was cut to the quick, and otherwise objectionable. I live in hopes of offering you, some day, a copy worth your notice." The Sussex catalogue, in 1845, Part V, No. 755, says: "It has two leaves torn, but nothing lost."

There is a copy in the possession of Mr. Brayton Ives. All I could learn about it was that it was "handsomely bound and in good condition."

I find in Winsor ‡ the following description of a copy formerly belonging to Mr. Chas. Chauncey, of Philadelphia, but now in the possession of Mr. Elihu Chauncey, of this city:—

This copy ends in the Second Act of *Cymbeline*, the rest being wanting, as are also Ben. Jonson's verses. I find a manuscript note by Edward D. Ingraham in a volume of Shakespearian tracts which belonged to him and is now in the Boston Public Library, which says, under date of 1849: "Charles Chauncey, Esq., had a very fine copy, in excellent clean condition, with large margin, and finer than any I have seen, but it wanted seventeen || pages at the end. I had it bound and repaired for him, but the pages were not added."

*I have found the imperfections in most copies are at the beginning and end of the volume. B. J.'s lines and the portrait are rare; the last pages of *Cymbeline* are generally lost or imperfect. The explanation is, I suppose, that, the cover being worn out, the wear and tear from careless use and exposure would affect most the first and last pages.

† *Bibliography, etc.*, p. 89.

‡ *Bibliography, etc.*, p. 90.

|| There are *twenty-three* pages missing.

Through the courtesy of its owner an opportunity was afforded me of examining it. It is bound in calf; is $12\frac{1}{8}$ in. tall by 8 in. wide. B. J.'s verses are missing. The title-page is not an original, genuine page, but has been inlaid in three parts, each of the three parts being, in my judgment, from original copies. The upper part, on which is the printing, has the name Shakespeare written in ink; on the upper right hand is the name of Charles Chauncy, not, however, in his own handwriting. A little lower down is a line written in ink from some language which I could not decipher. It is not one of the ancient languages, nor one of continental Europe; it looks like Scandinavian. Below this is the second piece, which is inlaid, on which is the portrait. This is a genuine portrait, but is not in very clean condition. There is a spot under each eye, which looks as if some Vandal had put them there to resemble tear drops. The upper lip, moustache, also the little tuft of hair under the lower lip, are soiled. There is a crack over the right hand side of the portrait, extending down over the shoulder, and the right hand corner of the collar is soiled.

The third piece inlaid contains the imprint. It is cracked. The figures 1623 have been written on it. The lettering, portrait and imprint of this title-page are perfect. Evidently some person, ignorant of the value of the book, has taken a pen and scribbled at will over it. The page is disfigured, but not materially injured. The next page, on which is the dedication, has received pretty much the same treatment. There is a small hole in the paper. Some one has written in ink, "1623," "Ed. 1623." Doubtless, the title-page was missing, and the owner of the copy, fearing the date would not be known, thought it wise to write it. The paper has been repaired by inlaying, principally on the edge. Through the volume there are marks in lead-pencil, in ink and with a red pencil. Some words have a line drawn under them in lead-pencil, as if underscored. There are the usual pie-crust stains and printers'-ink marks. There is a hole in the paper in *1 Henry IV.*, as though a spark had fallen on the page.

The text ends at Actus Secundus, Scena Tertia, Iaine 6, of *Cymbeline*—"You are most hot and furious when you winn." I could not find any other place where the text was deficient or imperfect.

This copy has two grievous defects—the missing verses of B. J., and the missing pages of *Cymbeline*. With these exceptions, it is in good condition.

The library of Sir John Hayford Thorold, Bart., of Syston Park, Lincolnshire, contained one of each of the four folios. They were sold at auction in London, December, 1884, and were purchased by Mr. Robert Hoe, of this city, and are still owned by him. The first folio is described in the catalogue of that sale as having

Portrait by M. Droeshout and the genuine verses of Ben Jonson, very neatly inlaid; and, also, owing to the defect in the paper, about eight or ten letters are deficient in three leaves; . . . else *the largest and finest copy known*, measuring $13\frac{3}{8}$ by $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches [G. Daniel's was $13\frac{1}{4}$ by $8\frac{1}{4}$], . . . beautifully bound by Roger Payne, in red morocco, gilt edges. . . .

The present very large copy is remarkable for having leaves uncut in the front, top and bottom margins, and enables us thus to determine the size of what it ought to be if found uncut. The top margin measures $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch, the front $\frac{1}{8}$ of an inch, and the bottom $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches, the printed portion measuring $11\frac{3}{8}$ by 7 inches. Therefore, an uncut copy would measure, nearly as possible, in height $13\frac{3}{8}$ inches, showing the present to have been cut by the binder as slightly as possible.

I examined this copy very carefully. Mr. Hoe and myself measured it, and found that it was a trifle larger than the dimensions given above. It is $13\frac{3}{8}$ inches tall, $8\frac{3}{8}$ inches wide, being $\frac{1}{8}$ inch wider than is stated in the catalogue of the sale. It is certainly the largest copy in the city, and, so far as I know, in the world. I have seen no record of any which in size equals this, and I am inclined to think the claim made for it as to size—viz., “the largest copy known”—is well founded. Many of the leaves have rough edges, showing they are in the same condition as when they came from the printer. B. J.'s verses are inlaid. They are genuine and perfect, with the exception of being slightly soiled.

The title-page is not perfect. It is an inlaid page. A sheet of plain paper has been inserted, and on that the lettering, portrait and imprint have been placed. The words “MR WILLIAM” are not original; they have been printed on this inlaid sheet of paper. The portrait and the imprint are genuine. The portrait is in a very clean

condition—indeed, is almost perfect—having only a slight spot of a reddish caste on the left side of the nose. In removing the imprint from its original page the bottom edge was somewhat torn. The lower part of the two gg's in Jaggard, and the lower hook of the 3 in 1623, have been torn off. The missing part has been extended in ink. The figure 3 has been injured in precisely the same way as the one in the Lichfield-Baker Copy. In this instance it has been extended in ink properly; in the other, an effort has been made to turn it into a 2. The other preliminary leaves are original. The lines by L. Digges are not perfect, owing to a defect in the paper, reference to which has been made. There was an opening in the paper, triangular in shape, I should think, 1 inch long by $\frac{1}{8}$ to $\frac{1}{16}$ inch wide. It extends through the word "sped," in line 14—" (Though mist) untill our bankrout stage be sped," the (e) and part of the (d) being missing. I could not find the other places in which letters are said to be deficient.

There is a small perforation in page 259 of the Tragedies. There are some marks in ink and lead-pencil. Some pages are slightly discolored; in others the paper is very thin. These defects are very trifling. The general condition of the text is clean and good. The two characteristics of this copy are its *uncut edges* and its *size*. As before said, I have not seen, nor can I find, any record of one so large.

Mr. Henry F. Sewall has one of each of the Folios and several of the Quartos. His first Folio is a made-up copy. It was purchased in London in 1867; it is $11\frac{1}{8}$ inches tall by $7\frac{3}{8}$ inches wide. The verses by B. J. are a reprint. The title-page is made up. The printing at the top is entirely a reprint. The portrait is inlaid. It is original, but from a Fourth Folio. It is not in good condition. The ink from the word "Reader" (B. J.'s verses on opposite page) has stained the forehead, and the letters "R-e-a-d" are plainly visible. It is a most careless piece of work on the part of some printer. All the preliminary leaves to the catalogue are reprints.

Most of the catalogue is a genuine page, but much torn. There has been a small piece inlaid at lower right-hand corner, on which is

some of the text from a reprint. The lower right-hand corner of *Tempest*, pages 1, 3, 5, 7, 9, has been made up from reprints. Some one began at p. 47 of the Comedies and marked in lead-pencil, A. 24, and then continued to mark the leaves (not pages) all through the book to *Cymbeline*, page 381, which is A. 433. Some words are very much blurred; others are partially destroyed by careless printing or by a lay-over. At Tragedies, page 47, the margin is repaired. *Hamlet* is marked all through with ink (emendations and reference to quarto). At Histories, page 69, a piece is inlaid, on which is part of the text from a reprint. There are quite a number of small holes burned in the paper, as though a spark of tobacco from a pipe had fallen on the book. We know that the use of tobacco was very general at the time this book was printed.* There is an imperfection in last two lines of *Troilus and Cressida* which destroys some letters. The last four leaves of *Cymbeline* are a fac-simile reprint. They are marked on the inside lower corner, "F. S., by I. H., Jr" (fac-simile, by Isaac Harris, Jr.). Most of the text is in fair condition. There are, however, quite a number of blemishes and imperfections, which have been caused by careless handling. It is a made-up copy.

Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. received a copy from London, in June, 1886. They sold it this month to Mr. Augustin Daly, who now owns it. It was bound by Bedford in his early days. B. J.'s verses have been inlaid. They are genuine. The title-page is original, not inlaid, which is now quite rare. This page has been patched. The margins on right and left of the portrait, also the lower right-hand corner, have been restored. The lettering, portrait, and imprint are perfect, as are also the other preliminary leaves. The last leaf has been patched. The text is in good, clean condition.†

*"Tobacco-smoking was the latest fashion. Singular to say, there is not a single reference to the weed or to smoking in any of Shakespeare's works. Ben Jonson, however, makes copious references to it, and in uncomplimentary terms. . . . King James issued in vain his famous counterblast, . . . but the habit grew all the same, until in 1614 there were seven thousand vendors of Virginia and Trinidad in London. The smoking went on in shops, theatres, and even churches."—*The England of Shakespeare*, Goadby, pp. 73, 74.

† I desire to express my thanks to the owners of the copies mentioned; also to Mr.

There is a copy in the possession of Mr. Joseph McDonough. It is newly bound in brown, polished russia, and measures $12\frac{3}{8}$ by $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches. It has been extensively repaired.

B. J.'s verses are a reprint. The title-page is one of the cleanest I have examined. The portrait, particularly, is free from all imperfections; in fact, it was suspiciously clean, and it required the most careful examination to decide whether or not it was genuine. In order to make that, I laid it alongside of the Phoenix copy, in Columbia College library. Mr. Dewey, the librarian, as well as Mr. McDonough assisted me in making the comparison. It was evident that the upper part of the title-page had been inlaid or backed, but whether the letter-press and portrait were original was not so evident. The letters in the title of this copy, also on the imprint, seemed to be thinner and clearer. There was a perceptible difference in the lower curve of the letter S in the word Shakespeare; other letters also differed. The line, "Published according to the True Originall Copies," was much closer to the portrait than in the Phoenix.

The portrait was much lighter in tone than the Phoenix. Under the tuft of hair below the lower lip, as also part of the forehead, it was much fainter. Mr. Dewey suggested Shakespeare was one day nearer the barber when this impression was made than when the one in the Phoenix copy was made. These differences might be caused by the inking and amount of pressure used, or they might be only the difference between an early or a late impression from the same plate. It was not until we used the measuring rod that we could decide positively that this whole page was not original.

First, as to the letter-press. The distance from the word "to," "Published according to," to letter "N" in London was in this copy $8\frac{3}{16}$ inches; in the Phoenix copy $8\frac{1}{16}$ inches. The extreme length of type-page from top of "Mr. William" to bottom of "gg" in Jagard was in this copy $11\frac{5}{16}$ inches; in the Phoenix copy $11\frac{2}{16}$ inches.

As to the portrait, the dimensions varied. In this copy it is $7\frac{1}{2}$ by $6\frac{1}{4}$ inches; in the Phoenix copy it is $7\frac{7}{16}$ by $6\frac{1}{8}$ inches, the difference

Melville Dewey, Mr. A. R. Frey, Mr. Appleton Morgan, Mr. R. H. Dodd, Dr. Allibone, and particularly to Dr. Geo. H. Moore, Superintendent of the Lenox Library.

being $\frac{1}{8}$ in. each way. The collar in the Phoenix, from extreme point to point, is $\frac{1}{25}$ in. longer than in this copy. There are doubtless other variations, but these are sufficient to settle the question, viz., that this whole title-page, both letter-press and portrait, is not genuine.

On the page containing the dedication to the Earls of Pembroke and Montgomery the lower left hand corner has been torn off, and some of the text is gone. This has been repaired, and an imprint of the text added. Ben. Jonson's lines, "To the memory of my beloved," etc., are misplaced, and set two leaves further back. The lines by Hugh Holland are probably original, but have been backed. The engraved head-piece is missing, and the lines are set lower on the page. The preliminary leaves are either not genuine, or misplaced, or repaired. Pages 205 of Histories and 258-394 of Tragedies have been repaired, and part of the text added from an imprint. There are some pie-crust stains, marks in ink, and small holes, ignited, probably by a spark of tobacco. The most of the text, however, is sound and clean and genuine.

Steevens believed the First Folio edition consisted of two hundred and fifty copies.* He was born one hundred and twenty years after Shakespeare's death, † and was a student and editor of the plays, and his opinion on this subject would be worthy of confidence. If his estimate be correct, it must be agreed that this city is particularly rich in the possession of this literary treasure. When we bear in mind two facts—viz., the small number of copies in the original edition, and the great lapse of time since the book was printed (now over two hundred and sixty years)—it is certainly remarkable that so many should be found in this city—more, I am inclined to think, than in any city of the world, with the possible exception of that one where the most of them were written and first placed on the stage.

WM. H. FLEMING.

* Justin Winsor, *Monthly Report of Boston Public Library*, April 1, 1874.

† May 10, 1736.

THE BACON-SHAKESPEARE LUNACY.

BY W. J. ROLFE, LITT. D.

[The following is the main part of an article contributed by Dr. Rolfe to the February number of the Boston *Popular Science News*, of which he is an associate editor.]

THE Baconian theory is literally a baseless one, the fundamental assumption on which it rests being absolutely false; namely, that Shakespeare could not have written the works ascribed to him, and that Bacon could have written them. On the contrary, every careful student or critic is inevitably forced to the conclusion that the works *must* have been written either by Shakespeare or by some man whose education and experiences were like his, so far as we have become acquainted with them; while it is absolutely impossible that they could have been produced by a man whose training and fortunes were what we know Bacon's to have been. The facts concerning Shakespeare's personal history that have come down to us are few indeed, but they furnish a key to much that would otherwise be perplexing in his writings; and, on the other hand, the writings throw light upon the life, and assist us in filling out the meagre outlines of the biographer. In these latter years the chronology of the plays has been pretty well made out, and all the more important questions concerning their authorship — what plays are wholly Shakespeare's, what are his only in part, how the mixed authorship is to be explained, etc. — have been satisfactorily settled. Now, the better we understand the order and the history of the plays, the clearer it is that they are the work of a playwright who began his career, and who went on step by step in that career, as we know Shakespeare did. It is evident that the author was not an amateur writing plays in the intervals of his more serious occupations, but a man who had his fortune to make, and who, after securing some humble position in the theatre, worked his way up as actor and dramatist, until he had gained reputation and wealth by his labor. Our limits here will not permit us to trace him through all the stages of his career as actor and author. Suffice it to say that, from first to last,

we recognize him as the practical man of the theatre, no scholar, but familiar with the requirements of his profession, and endowed with *genius* that made him to a great degree independent of learning and literary culture.

The Baconian heretics assume that the author of the plays was a learned man. Certain good scholars and critics somehow got this notion into their heads in former times; but the misconception could only have been possible (except to a Baconian) before the plays had been minutely examined, their anachronisms and other literary defects carefully scrutinized, and their relations to the sources whence these materials were drawn critically investigated. This kind of study shows that, marvellous as was the *genius* of the author of the plays, and the insight into human nature with all its capabilities and possibilities which that genius gave him, he was not only no scholar, but the lack of scholastic training was in certain minor respects a serious disadvantage to him. If he had had the learning of Bacon superadded to his own natural gifts, he would have done his work differently, and in some respects better.

Shakespeare's use of his historical materials is a striking illustration of his lack of learning. In the Roman plays, for example, he draws his material almost exclusively from Plutarch's *Lives*. Bacon was, of course, perfectly familiar with Plutarch in the original Greek, and would have gone to the original if he had written the plays, rather than to a translation of a translation (Sir Thomas North's English rendering of Bishop Amyot's French version); or, if it were conceivable that he should resort to this as a matter of convenience, he would at least have corrected the palpable misprints and corruptions which had crept into North's book. Shakespeare was not familiar enough with the minutiae of Roman history to put "*Decimus Brutus*" in place of North's "*Decius Brutus*," or *Calpurnia* as the name of Cæsar's wife instead of the impossible Latin form *Calphurnia*. Bacon could as soon have written the "*Richard Conqueror*" of Sly the tinker as this "*Decius Brutus*." Indeed, he gives both this name and *Calpurnia* correctly in a passage in his *Essay on Friendship*, which is quoted by Judge Holmes (*Authorship of Shakespeare*, p. 289)

to show the similarity of style in the essay and the play. The judge believes that a comparison of these and other passages which he quotes must make it plain that Bacon wrote the play; and yet nothing can be clearer than the fact that the author of the essay was perfectly familiar with what the writer of the play was ignorant of.

In *1 Henry IV.* (I, i, 71) the king speaks of

Mordake the Earl of Fife, and eldest son
To beaten Douglas;

but he was not the son of Douglas, but of the Duke of Albany. How did Shakespeare make this mistake, which Bacon could never have made? He was misled by the accidental omission of a comma in the edition of Holinshed's Chronicle, which he followed. Mordake is thus apparently described as "son to the gouvernour Archembald earle Dowglas," and not merely son to the governor, or Regent of Scotland, the office then held by the Duke of Albany.

A careful scholar may occasionally be guilty of slips like those, but there are too many of them in the plays to justify this excuse for them all. A man of Bacon's training and habits could not have fallen into such repeated and preposterous mistakes, especially in history, where he was thoroughly at home.

Again: the make-up of the Folio of 1623 is of itself a complete refutation of the Baconian theory. According to Donnelly, this famous volume was most elaborately revised and "doctored" by that eminent dramatist Francis Bacon, in order that it might preserve to coming generations the cryptographic evidence that he, and not Shakespeare, was the author of its contents. According to Judge Holmes, Mrs. Pott, and others, it was published by Bacon two years after his downfall, at a time (to quote Mrs. Pott) "when his failing health caused him to press forward the publication of all his works." The differences between the earlier quarto editions of certain plays and the folio are said to be due to the revision of these plays by the author. Now, if we assume that the folio is just what it purports to be, a collection of plays made after the author's death, by two of his fellow-actors,—persons of small culture, and no experience as editors,—who did little except to gather up old manuscripts that

had been used in the theatre, and were more or less dog's-eared and mutilated, to say nothing of the abridgment and alterations to which they had been subjected for stage purposes; the earlier quarto editions, perhaps interlined and modified in the theatre, being, in the case of some of the plays, used instead of manuscript copies; and all this matter put through the press, according to the usage of the time, with no proof-reading worthy of the name,—if we assume this to have been the history of the volume, its peculiarities and its imperfections are, in the main, easily accounted for. But if it is to be regarded as an edition compiled by the author, and presenting the plays in the revised form in which he desires to hand them down to posterity, and especially if we are to believe that he has inserted, in the text of certain plays, the secret evidence that they are his, and not another's,—if this is the view of the volume that we are to take, its peculiarities are absolutely inexplicable. No author, least of all one so orderly and systematic as Bacon, ever issued a collection of his works in such a fashion,—so badly arranged, so wretchedly printed,—with such inequality of wretchedness withal, for some portions of it are far worse than others in respect to misprints and corruptions of the text. If it is the author's own revised edition, how are we to explain the fact that it contains plays which are manifestly nothing more than a slight remodelling of earlier work by other hands? that others are apparently pieces left unfinished, and completed by another playwright; in some cases by one so inferior to the original author, that he could never have willingly allowed his work to be touched by such a bungler? If it be said (as by a very small minority of critics) that all the matter is from one and the same hand, this is not inconceivable, if the collecting and publishing of the works has been done by an incompetent or unscrupulous editor after the author's death; but how can we explain it if the author himself is editor? Why, to refer to a single play, should *Timon of Athens* be left in the state in which we find it,—pure gold, with a large admixture of the basest alloy; stuff utterly unworthy of the dramatist, even in his 'prentice days? Scarcely a critic of the present century has been willing to regard the play as

the work of a single hand. Portions of it are written in the merest burlesque of verse, as if the author had no ear, unless an asinine one, and the thought and sentiment are in keeping with the versification; while other portions are in the poet's most mature and finished style. The Baconians tell us that this play was one of the latest, if not the very last, which their philosopher wrote, and that Timon is meant as a representation of himself, deserted by his parasite friends after his fall. If so, is it conceivable that he could have written it as we have it, or that, if any inferior writer had a share in it, Bacon would have printed it all as his own? These and similar questions concerning the folio have never been put to the Baconians, so far as we are aware, and we cannot guess how they would attempt to answer them. *Can they answer them satisfactorily?*

A School of Shakespeare.

For his bounty,
There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas
That grew the more by reaping.

—*Antony & Cleopatra*, V, 11, 86.

"A "QUIZ" UPON "THE TEMPEST." *

THE TEXT:

1. How many texts of this play have any original authority?
2. When was it first published?
3. What material have we as the basis for textual comparison and criticism of this play? How does this play stand in this regard, as compared with others?

* Prepared by the President of the Locke-Richardson Shakespeare Club, Oakland, Cal.

4. What is the condition of the text of this play in its most authoritative edition?

5. Is textual emendation merely shrewd guessing?

6. What is meant when a passage is pronounced to be "corrupt"?

7. What notable passages in *The Tempest* are still much perplexed?

GRAMMAR AND DICTION :

1. Name any well-marked features of Shakespearian grammar that have been brought out with special clearness in your study of this play.

2. Name any peculiarities of diction that you have specially noted.

DATE :

1. When was this play written?

2. What enables us roughly to fix the superior and the inferior limit for a first approximation to its date?

3. What means does the play itself furnish for closer approximation?

4. What amount and kind of evidence, other than already cited, is there for assigning this play to Shakespeare's latest period?

RELATIONSHIP TO OTHER PLAYS :

1. In what group of plays do you place *The Tempest*? The basis of such grouping?

2. Characterize the group. Name the plays which are comprised in it.

3. Name the obvious points of difference between the plays of the group.

CHARACTERS :

1. How many characters appear in this play?

2. How does the number compare with that of other familiar plays?

3. Name the characters in their proper groups.

4. What other characters not present in the action but concerned in it are referred to in the play?

5. What changes of grouping take place during the action?
6. Which character speaks most? Which least?
7. How many of the characters are strongly sketched and individualized?
8. Concisely and clearly characterize any five of the main characters.
9. With what Shakespearian characters may Prospero be compared?—Miranda?—Ariel?—Sebastian?—Stephano? Point out essential differences between these and the characters cited for comparison.
10. Is Miranda impossible? How is a harmonious group formed in which to place her?
11. Has Caliban any prototypes? If so, what has Shakespeare added? What is the source of our strange interest in him?

THE PLAY, ITS MACHINERY AND ACTION:

1. What is the approximate number of lines in this play?
2. How does it compare in length with other well-known plays, or with Shakespeare's average?
3. How many scenes in each act? How many in all?
4. Briefly sketch what each scene accomplishes toward the action of the play.
5. What amount of time is included in the action? Demonstrate. Parallel and contrast this time of action from Shakespeare.
6. Does the action *seem* limited to the actual time? Explain.
7. What are the most positive notes of place in it?
8. What notes of date of the supposed action?
9. What are meant by the "unities" of the drama? Are they observed here? Cite parallels or contrasts from Shakespeare?
10. What is understood by the "machinery" of a play? What is the machinery of this play?
11. In the character of its machinery, what other plays of Shakespeare may be associated with this?
12. How much of *real* action or progress is there in this play?—what is accomplished?
13. Where is the climax? Why?

14. Does the play really fall short in dramatic effect? How? Where?

15. Does it contain any elements unnecessary to the progress and action? If so, would it be better without them?

16. Is *The Tempest* a closet drama? Compare it in this respect with other plays.

LITERARY CRITICISM:

1. How much of this play is in prose?

2. What characters speak in prose? In what scenes? Do those who use prose use it consistently throughout?

3. For what sorts of effect does Shakespeare introduce prose? Instance.

4. Since drama is to "hold the mirror up to nature," why should it not all be written in prose?

5. In *The Tempest* are all the passages in verse, poetry? Why? Name any that conspicuously fall short.

6. Instance any passages conspicuously replete with poetic beauty. Are these all lyrical? Why?

7. Is the play specially rich in brief and sparkling bits—phrases or verses oft quoted? Instance any.

8. How much of classical imagery is there in this play?

9. Justify or condemn, upon clearly discerned grounds, the application of these terms to *The Tempest*: Comedy, romance, play of reconciliation, allegory.

10. In what relations to each other do these terms stand? Illustrate their mutual exclusiveness or inclusiveness by forming groups of plays under each.

11. Sum up the deep and abiding effect of *The Tempest*.

Open Court.

That's a question; how shall we try it?

—*The Comedy of Errors*, V, 1, 421.

In this I'll be impartial; be you judge

Of your own cause.

—*Measure for Measure*, V, 1, 166.

A COLLECTION OF OLD PLAY BILLS.

TO THE EDITOR:—Your letter is now before me, inviting me to give you a description of my playbills. Your attention was, no doubt, drawn to them by the Catalogue of the Shakespeare Show of some years ago at the Albert Hall, and at which I exhibited some three dozen rare playbills of Shakespearian interest.

I have made a separate collection of Shakespeare, and have made a very large collection of *thirty* of his plays, each more or less thick, according to the popularity of the play. My earliest date is 1734, and the list is thence brought up to date, as far as I can bring it. It contains all the great names of the last century, such as Quin, Garrick, Sheridan, Peg Woffington, Kitty Clive, Mrs. Pritchard, Mr. and Mrs. Barry, the Bannisters, Farrens, Booths, Grimaldis, Miss Mellon, Mrs. Jordan, the Keans, Macready, Forrest, Glyn, Cushman, Helen Faucit, Phelps, etc., etc., and I have, besides, formed separate collections of such as Mrs. Siddons, John Kemble, Charles Kemble, Yates, Booth, the Farrens, the Bannisters, Miss Mellon, Mrs. Jordan, Miss Farren, the Keans, Macready, Helen Faucit, Phelps, etc., etc., in all, twenty-three separate volumes of such names, each containing, also, views of theatres, portraits, etc., etc. I have pasted down at the corners or sides some five thousand bills, all on one size paper. Each bill contains some special features of interest, such as a change of cast, change of character, Benefit, By Royal Command, etc., etc., and I suppose they weigh some three hundred weight. I know of no

such collection here, in the British Museum or elsewhere, and I do not believe such a collection can ever be formed again, for various reasons. I have had rare opportunities of selecting from "country" collections, formed by traveling companies. I have hunted them up for many years in all sorts of places, sales, etc., and have spared no expense in getting them. But there was one special opportunity which can never take place again. Massingham, a well-known box-manager, died some years ago, and his effects were sold at Foster's, Pall Mall. Into his possession had come the playbills of Drury Lane, collected and bound by Wm. Hopkins, stage-manager during and after the time of Garrick, and the Covent Garden collection of the same period, collected by John Ferris, stage-manager, and in the writing of both I have memorandums of interest, such as, for instance, on a Drury Lane bill of *Henry IV.*: "Died, this morning at 8 A.M., my dear friend and patron, David Garrick, Esq. There will be no performance in consequence, and this bill is withdrawn. He was the greatest actor the world ever saw. I shall never look upon his like again. (Signed), Wm. Hopkins."

"This was the last time Miss Farren performed." "This was the last time Sheridan performed," etc., etc.

I have, of course, a great many first and last appearances of such actors as "John Kemble, Charles Kemble, Mrs. Siddons, Miss Farren, Macklin, Mrs. Jordan, Phelps, Macready, the Farrens, Grimaldi, Miss Stephens, Mrs. Pritchard," etc., etc. When finished in a few weeks, I shall offer them for sale, but not by auction, as I wish them to be kept together as a collection.

I am asked by Mr. Bullen, of the British Museum, to give him the refusal of them. My choice would be to have them go to Stratford-on-Avon, for the library there, or to private collectors, who would know how to prize them.

WM. HENDERSON.

London, Feb. 3, 1888.

SIR TOBY'S SPANISH.

What, wench ! Castiliano vulgo ; for here comes Sir Andrew Agueface.
—*Twelfth Night*, I, iii, 39.

The commentators, so far as I can learn, have satisfied themselves in pronouncing *Castiliano vulgo* to be a specimen of bad Spanish uttered by Sir Toby in his cups, and probably intended to warn Maria to assume a Castilian reticence and Amontillado hauteur as Sir Andrew approaches. Bad Spanish it certainly is, and all the better for being so ; but how it can be distorted into such a signification, or why, for dramatic reasons, it should be so interpreted, I fail to perceive.

It would really require but a change of one syllable to transform Sir Toby's Castilian into good Spanish, if we surmise, as naturally we may, that Shakespeare's knowledge of the language admitted only of "fonetic" spelling of the word *castellano*.

Making this slight change, we shall then have for Castiliano vulgo *castellano vulgar*, which signifies ordinary conversational Spanish. These words Sir Toby interjects in his dialogue with Maria as if to say, "now we must speak Spanish, 'for here comes' this wonderful man who 'speaks three or four languages word for word without book.'"

No doubt Sir Toby knows that the astute Maria knows that he has just been uttering a harmless Falstaffian fib about Sir Andrew's linguistic acquirements, and goes on to play upon the flaxen-haired simpleton with both English and French words which are misunderstood or ignored in a delightfully ludicrous way.

If Sir Toby can corrupt Sir Andrew's patronymic into Agueface, and the zodiacal sign Taurus into legs and thighs, he is certainly capable of corrupting foreign words to a still greater extent.

Perhaps, however, he may only have uttered the first fantastic words which came into his mind, utterly regardless of any meaning at all, but simply because something meaningless and high-sounding was best fitted, in his mind, to herald Sir Andrew's approach.

JONATHAN TRUMBULL.

Norwich, Conn.

The Drama.

Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is took,
And each doth good turns now unto the other.
—Sonnet XLVII.

THE BOOTH AND BARRETT "LEAR."

WHILE waiting before the interposing piece of counterfeit pink and white satin and swaying lace that does duty as a drop-curtain at the Chestnut Street Opera-House—where it stands sentinel like some foppish Osric of a courtier in a royal antechamber—the utter artificiality of stage contrivances seemed especially prominent and dispiriting.

The rumpled rug painted underneath the painted curtain, with the heavy straight fold across it, as though it had just been shoved up by some curtsy-scraping shoe, the crown of laurel lying on it, as though just tossed there by some admiring hand; these trifles of scene-painting hocus-pocus suffice to conjure up visions of dead and by-gone wearers of motley, who have stood there smirking studiously and selling "cheap what is most dear," till the reality of the present hour and the imminent performance seems mocked, and the zest of a life-long stock of dramatic appreciation disheartened. An unpromising state of mind to see a play in! and a play particularly full, too, of artificial toss and tempest. In this mood the audience looks like a set of familiar dummies who had sat there again and again, and would sit, waiting for that mimicking drop-curtain to go up and show some other bedizened piece of feigning. One is about to be persuaded in his cogitations that Lamb is right and Shakespeare wrong, and that *Lear* can never be for the stage but for the closet, when a bell tinkles faintly. Up, then, goes the curtain, with the

rumpled rug and the laurel wreath, the pink and white satin, and the waving lace, in great trepidation, swaying now with a real gust of wind from a real motion, and reveals three loungers in an antechamber. These palace hangers-on are gossiping over an impending event.

"I had thought the King had more affected the duke of Albany than Cornwall," says one.

"It did always seem so to us," returns another, "but now," etc., etc.

Ah! the true aroma of every-day talk, and the heart of the action of the play at one stroke. The art of the player-poet asserts its dramatic grasp, the vapors of a morbid minute glide past. Henceforth there is nothing real but the stage mummary that depicts Shakespeare's *King Lear*.

* * *

The sonnet announces the approach of their betters. The gossips break off. The courtly procession enters. One grey-beard among the rest, were he not habited as the King, would be recognized as royal. Pomp-spoiled, feeble, and fiery he shows himself, from his first stride, his first peremptory speech. There are tokens of senility concealed by dignity in his too carefully stanch gait, and in his rolling voice that steers narrowly over an under-current of quavers. Yet certainly, also, Booth's Lear, for all its pompousness and irascibility, is fashioned out from a noble, generous, and genuine nature. His regal state and bearing is not cut on so grandiloquent and overwhelming a pattern as Salvini's Lear, and the dramatic action of the play is served better, therefore, from the start by Booth's Lear. For it is not so unduly magnetic in its affection, that it makes Goneril's and Regan's extravagant speeches appear the pardonable and even the natural and fit response to a father's evident craving for love, instead of the self-seeking craft the action shows it is. Nor is the preferment shown "Our joy, although our last and least," so peculiarly sweet and untinctured with patronage, that it makes Cordelia's first reluctance to implicate herself in her sister's falsity look pharisaical and stubborn, rather than the instinctive withdrawal of a pure

nature, closing its doors against a subtly approaching temptation. Neither is the last authoritative appeal to her so beseeching that it makes her answer seem the declaration of a churlish recklessness of temper, instead of the full-meant desperation of a heroic soul, at bay for its own honesty.

Booth's *Lear* exhibits the reining in of both dignity and affection to their just pace along with the other dramatic motives of the action—a trait of balanced representation that is in this, as in other plays beside, a mark of his distinctive excellence.

* * *

Cordelia's first aside is cut out, her portraiture is unfulfilled. Miss Minna Gale's Cordelia is by no means a nonentity. It is, indeed, unusually prominent, and in the recognition scene, later on, is impassioned and fine. But the graceful picture it makes in the important opening scene that strikes the key for all which follows, is a mere shadow of a conception of a real Cordelia.

* * *

The vice of power that brooks no gainsay of its desires rages with terror rather than majesty in Booth's *Lear*; and the fury of his blind curse upon his daughter would turn sympathy quite from him, were it not to be seen, from the extravagance of tyranny with which he meets Kent's manly remonstrances, that his passion for authority has been fostered to a disease that obscures and does not express his inmost nature. A man is he "more sinned against" by courtly customs, "than sinning," even in the unrighteous heat of his dire curse. More Cordelias and Kents in his court could have saved Booth's *Lear* from the "insane root" of all his troubles—flattered authority.

Mr. John A. Lane's Kent is a staunch and good piece of straightforward acting. The part is, perhaps, not difficult. But, in it he avoids the buffoonish quality, generally expressed by stage Kents, of a mere blunt knave who affects a "saucy roughness, and constrains the garb quite from his nature"—as Cornwall would gladly have construed the loyal man whose utterances were as penetrating as sincere.

* * *

Mr. Owen Fawcett's "fool" is an interesting impersonation; able but conventional. It ought to occur to some studious actor, nowadays, that there is an open chance to rehabilitate Shakespeare's fools and place them in new lights. The opportunities they afford for new "business" and careful study, indicate a neglected vein that could be worked to advantage, perhaps, by an ambitious young student, who might win his auspicious stirrup-cup here before mounting his high horses for further flights. There is a certain monotony of sing-song, and slated, conventional clown's tricks, an audience is too sure of in fools, no matter who is the fool, or how cleverly he fools. And the sweet intelligence, the broken-hearted fealty, and the gentleness of the fool in *Lear* marks it as pre-eminently capable among fools' parts of repaying a special characterization.

* * *

As for Mr. Lawrence Barrett's Edgar, an audience has yet to see a finer conception of that part more carefully and fittingly elaborated. The scene most notably well done—since it is usually neglected, and is empty of significance as ordinarily acted—is the one of his first entrance in the action. This scene is with Barrett eloquent of the

brother noble,

Whose nature is so far from doing harms,

That he suspects none; on whose foolish honesty

his brother's "practices ride easy." His mien on entrance expresses an unassuming nobility, light-hearted and easy. "How now, brother Edmund!" he begins, with a kind of serious gaiety that foretells the story of an "honesty" that proves unsuspecting and "foolish" indeed, as Edmund says: an honesty in complete contrast to that of womanly wise Cordelia or worldly wise Kent. "Do you busy yourself with that?"—in accents of passing amusement, and the bantering question—"How long have *you* been a sectary astronomical?" represent in Barrett's mouth a character that continues to shape itself with each natural, unimportant speech. No suspicion of any double meaning on Edmund's part is perceived in his question—the first mesh of his net for the unwary brother—"Come, come, when saw you my father last?" "The night gone by," returned Edgar, casually. "Spake

you with him?" asks Edmund. Now, it seems Edgar wonders if something lies underneath this inquiry, but he answers, lightly, "Ay! two hours together"; and when Edmund shows plainly he has something particular in mind, continuing—"Parted you in good terms? Found you no displeasure in him by word nor countenance?"—Edgar at once breaks in with—"None at all!" in innocent mystification. He is ready as wax to take the gradual alarm his brother's words stir in him, without in the least conjecturing any scheme behind the unaccountable story told him of Gloster's raging displeasure against him. "Some villain has done me wrong!" he exclaims, directly; an explanation only will be wanted to set things right, he seems to imply, in the same breath; and in the villain Edmund's equivocal assent—"That's my fear"—nothing but the patent meaning strikes Edgar's attention. How far he is yet from guessing the reality of the danger that threatens him, comes out in the greater astonishment and grief of his deprecating exclamation—"Armed, brother!"

* * *

In the first scene of Barrett's Edgar, as of Booth's *Lear*, the foundation traits of the two parts are thus skillfully and firmly settled for the superstructure they raise thereupon, easily, afterward in the thick of the play, when—'mid bursts of stage thunder, appalling plunges of mechanical lightning, and artificial gusts of wind-whistling, tempestuous enough to out-tempest with their rude materialistic melodramatics any situation of spiritual storm and stress but one of Shakespearian framing,—these three cheated philosophers, the fool, poor Tom, and the mad King reach the climax of their representation and strive in their "little world of man to out-scorn the to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain."

* * *

A play as long and involved as *Lear* is, must be cut, for stage uses it seems; but why, then, not cut clean?—with no half situations left dangling by a rag-tag? Edgar's part is given with such unwonted effect that the more attention is drawn to the meaninglessness of the scene where Edgar leads his blind father upon Dover cliff, describes

the beautiful horrors of its steep decline to the "unnumbered idle pebbles" of the beach, until every sense shudders in sympathy with the thought of Gloster's contemplated fall, and the old man prays and falls, and nothing comes of it, and nothing is explained. Oswald rushes in, and the main action moves on, away from this eddy in its current, with no hint of the curious development of this scene. Gloster is enough of a weak-minded old prattler, as he stands, without thus being made to appear so idiotic that he never needs the explanation Edgar shapes to suit the ready superstition of a believer in "planetary influence" and "a divine thrusting on." The design of the stage version is evidently to save the fine bit of description at least, and so this scene is mangled, when it should be all cut out or all left.

* * *

A grim, grisly bit of business was Lear's catching and playing, in his half-witless grief, with the rope's end dangling from Cordelia's neck, in the last scene. But in this scene, and in that of the meeting with Cordelia, the mighty influence of Booth's flood-tide manner of acting bore all before it. Even those auditors who are most apt to get in touch with Booth's easily-capable, well-rounded interpretations, have reason to feel that there is a corresponding unevenness of attempt and ebb of power in intervals of his action. But in his portraiture of the exquisite pang and joy of his half-persuaded recognition of Cordelia,—when the sick, weary senses rally, and the quivering voice declares at last—"As I am a man, I think this lady to be *my*—CHILD—Cordelia!"—and, sitting in his bed, he folds her round in his arms so long bereaved of her dear burden, and rocks her from side to side, with sobs of sad content,—his audience must be ready to exclaim—"In this scene who can excel our Booth?"

C. P.

THE REVIVAL OF "A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM."

THE FIRST performance in America of *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* is thus recorded in *The New York Evening Post* of Friday, November 10, 1826:—

This play of Shakespeare's, transformed by modern ingenuity into a comic opera, but not so transformed as wholly to lose the beauty and

humour of the original, was performed last evening at the Park Theatre. The more serious parts of it went off heavily enough, and would have been hardly endurable, but for the singing. The whole fairy machinery is too light, changing, and ethereal for actors of flesh and blood, and the clumsy contrivances of the stage. Richings is a stout, heavy, fairy king, and Mrs. Sharpe a substantial fairy queen. Richings has much improved lately, but he should not mangle Shakespeare as he does. For instance, where Shakespeare says,

"At a fair vestal, throned by the West—"

Mr. Richings should not say

"At a vestal throned by the west."

And where Shakespeare says,

"Yet marked I where the bolt of Cupid fell :

It fell upon a little western flower,

Before milk white, now purple with Love's wound."

Mr. Richings should not change the last word to *wounds*, for the simple reason, that it makes nonsense of the passage."

The comic parts of the piece, which form a large proportion of it, went off quite well, and the audience were exceedingly delighted. Those who were inclined to laugh, indulged themselves without scruple because the wit was Shakespeare's; those who were not, sometimes found themselves compelled to it, and we saw many a grave face wrinkling into laughter in spite of itself. Hilson made an excellent Nick Bottom, but it is a pity that he should let the audience see him put his hand behind him to pull the string that moved his ass's ears.

The play that night was for the benefit of Mrs. Hilson, who enacted Puck, but of the remainder of the cast but few particulars have survived. Fifteen years later, Manager Simpson produced it at the old Park Theatre; in 1854 it was represented at the old Broadway, with the elder Davidge as Bottom, and Madame Ponisi as Oberon, and about the same time Burton performed it at his Chambers street theatre, with himself as Bottom, and Charles Fisher as Theseus. In the spring of 1859, Laura Keane produced it at the Olympic, and in March, 1866, it was acted at Pike's Opera House, Cincinnati, where its run was abruptly terminated by the destruction of the theatre in a conflagration. Finally, it was performed for three months at the Olympic Theatre, New York, during the winter of 1867-68, under the management of James E. Hayes.

It will thus be seen that this comedy is to be found but rarely upon the stage, for the representation of ideal scenes in fairy land is a thing which the average manager shrinks from producing. Nor is that all; for if, as Mr. Daly announces, he intends "to present this piece as a harmonious whole rather than to select any single element of the many which go to make up the lovely whole, each of them," then he has wisely diverged from his original intention, as probably all of his predecessors have done. For the play, as it is now performed at Daly's Theatre is *Bottom*, a certain weaver, who plays a great part in a comedy entitled *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, and various other characters who act their parts, with one or two exceptions, exceedingly well, but who must all bow down before Mr. James Lewis. We do not know whether Burton, and Hale, and George L. Fox played this part well in former years, we presume they did; if they did not, we are afraid that the performance was tedious. But Mr. Daly has carefully allotted the characters, and he could not have been more successful in his arrangement. Mr. Lewis makes an exceedingly funny Bottom, and when he dons the ass's head, with its movable eyes and shaking ears, he expresses his emotions as we suppose a real donkey would under the circumstances. His companions, in interpreting inanimate objects, affect an air of stupidity which is admirable, and could Shakespeare himself have been among the "first night" audience we doubt whether he would be able to find fault with the "Hard handed Men of Athens" and Starveling's dog.

Of the other characters the fairy king and queen were especially good, but Puck can be greatly improved. The four lovers acted with scarcely sufficient ardor, unless we except Miss Rehan, who, as Helena, made the most of her part. By exchanging the rôles of Helena and Hermia an improvement might occur; it would be unjust, however, to criticise severely a performance where so much labor has been applied, and so many difficulties in the way of representation have been surmounted.

The scenery, although in certain instances it violates the received text, was gorgeous. The panoramic spectacle in the fourth act, and the introduction of stars, were novelties which elicited continual applause.

ALBERT R. FREY.

Reviews.

Observations,
Which with experimental seal doth warrant
The tenour of my book.

—*Much Ado About Nothing*, IV, 1, 166.

Shakespeare in Fact and in Criticism. By Appleton Morgan. New York : W. E. Benjamin. 1888.

WHEN, about three years ago, the author of the above work, assisted by several literary gentlemen, founded the Shakespeare Society of New York, the latter organization was immediately stigmatized as working in *majorem Baconis gloriam*. The person who had written *The Shakespeare Myth*, so it was rumored, had gathered about him an assemblage of unbelievers, and the Shakespearian claims were to be effectually demolished. We do not propose to shield Mr. Morgan; from a personal acquaintance with him we happen to know that he is very well able to take care of himself. He has replied to his accusers in an open, fearless way, and if there are any who still have a doubt as to what cause he espouses, let them buy the above book, and before they have read fifty pages we venture to assert that they will find their doubts set at rest.

The Shakespeare Myth then advocated the theory of editorship, but in the present volume the functions of the *coterie* who supplied the plays are considered as being very limited. The player William Shakespeare is the author, and the minor dramatists but rarely appear; nay, more than that, by a curious process Mr. Morgan, who formerly was known as the "doubter," seems to have resigned his position to Messrs. Fleay and Furnivall. By degrees these critics are dismembering the Folio of 1623, and it is nothing unusual now to see Eng-

lish text-books quoting from the Transactions of the New Shakspeare Society, the *Chronicle History* and the *Leopold Shakspeare*, and bestowing portions of such plays as *Troilus*, *Pericles*, *Titus*, the *Shrew*, and *Henry VIII* to the Munday-Chettle-Dekker-Marlowe-Peele, etc., combination. The first chapter of Mr. Morgan's book considers the æsthetic criticism in so far as it is "used as a method of writing an author's history from the text of his alleged works" and in determining the chronological arrangement of those works. When we bear in mind that one of these critics had not read *Pericles* when he denounced it as non-Shakespearian; that it is impossible to conceive of Heminges and Condell applying to William Shakespeare for a comedy, and "being told by the dramatist that he could not comply with their wishes, he being then in his tragic period," that "there is certainly the same *internal* evidence that Shakespeare was born in Epidamnium or Rome or Troy, as that he was born in Stratford;—when, we repeat, we bear in mind all these circumstances, it appears that Mr. Morgan has decidedly the best of the argument.

One of the author's best weapons is ridicule; *e. g.*, the following passage (p. 233):—

Rowe, who wrote his few lines of careful preface some one hundred and seventy years before revelation of the Furnivall chronology, was possibly nearer the truth as well as the date of Shakespeare, when he said: "Perhaps we are not to look for his beginnings like those of other authors, among their least perfect writing: art had so little and nature so large a share in what he did that, for aught I know, the performances of his youth, as they were the most vigorous and had the most fire and strength of imagination in them, were the best." Of Mr. Furnivall's "Groups"—the Unfit-Nature, or Under-Burden-Falling Group; the Sunny, or Sweet-Time Group; the Lust, or False-Love Group, . . . etc., poor Mr. Rowe, alas! never lived to hear. But, as of our own more fortunate generation, I suggest the same arrangement for the poems. Let Mr. Furnivall now give us the Young-Man-Gored-by-a-Boar-Because-He-Ran-Away-From-His-Mistress Group (*Venus and Adonis*); the Danger-of-Leaving-Your-Wife-to-Entertain-Strangers Group (*Lucrece*); the Nobody-Knows-What-They-Are-About-or-Why-They-Were-Written Group (the *Sonnets*), and we shall then have a perfect literary biography of the boundless dramatist.

The last chapter of the work is principally devoted to the Donnelly Cipher, which Mr. Morgan thoroughly disbelieves in, and explodes

from a typographical standpoint. The battered types of the Elizabethan printers, the carelessness displayed in books of that time, and the limited resources of the compositors, all belie Mr. Donnelly's claims. More than that, the cipher, as now announced by Mr. Donnelly, instead of proving the Baconian authorship, "effectually disposes of the Baconian theory, *per se*, once for all." To quote Mr. Morgan's own words (p. 300):—

That theory, as I comprehend it, is: that Bacon, being poor and wanting money, wrote for the stage and sold his manuscripts to the theatres; that, being played at those theatres, they became known by the responsible name of the proprietor of those theatres, William Shakespeare. One of the strongest pieces of cumulative evidence adduced by the Baconians, therefore, has been that, had Shakespeare been great enough to write the plays, Francis Bacon, one of the most prominent literary men of that exact period, living in the same city at the identical time, would have met him and made some mention of him somewhere in some of his plentiful letters, memoirs, or memoranda; and that Bacon did not mention him because he knew that he—Shakespeare—was a nobody, whose only title to notice was really the plays which he—Bacon—was writing for actual bread and butter. In other words, Bacon had no reason for noticing, but every reason for not noticing, his tool.

But if, as Mr. Donnelly says, one-half the words in the plays, as we now have them, are cipher words, placed there by Bacon, Bacon must have had a hand not only in writing them, but in printing the first quarto edition of them. This must have necessitated intimate negotiations with not only Shakespeare but the printers (who are no longer to be called piratical, and their editions of the plays "stolen and surreptitious"). All this must have been going on for twenty years or so in London, a crowded city, in broad daylight. Messengers and go-betweens must have been employed. Shakespeare was a man of many intimates; so was Bacon. Surely in all the chronicles of those days, when people were using their pens in broadsides, squibs, sonnets, letters, and diaries, somebody must have mentioned Bacon and Shakespeare in the same breath in print. The junction of the two names on the cover of the Northumberland manuscript proved enough for the Baconian theory. But this cipher theory is proving entirely too much for its security. For if all these persons—publishers, printers, messengers and go-betweens—knew about the secret, then there was no secret, and hence no occasion for a cipher to cover it up. If Bacon wrote the plays for cipher purposes, then the miracle is—not that anybody wrote such plays in Elizabeth's days (Bacon or Shakespeare, or anybody else)—but simply that through twenty-five years of vilely printed

quartos and carelessly printed folio, the cipher has come down to us in perfectly intelligible mathematical accuracy!

This should silence Mr. Donnelly, independent of all the external evidence and other arguments which have been promulgated since his papers appeared in the *North American Review*. And here it may not be out of place to offer a new suggestion to our Baconian friends. Have they ever tried to read the plays and sonnets in the fashion of an acrostic? Who knows whether, if we read the last letters of all the lines in the sonnets in a retrograde manner, a sentence may not develop itself, proving these plays to have been written by the Duc de Sully, or Sir Edward Coke? This would seem to be the age devoted to trifling with the text of Shakespeare; then why not try it?

In the chapters entitled "Much Ado about Sonnets," and "Whose Sonnets?" we do not think that Mr. Morgan has made out his case. He is a lawyer, and he dissects the existing evidence most beautifully, but his arguments are occasionally marred by statements which he is not able to sustain. Thus, the testimony of Meres is not worthless, as the author would have us believe, nor do "all commentators, living and dead, incontinently reject the Meres list of plays." On the contrary Meres is highly esteemed by all the critics (with the exception of Mr. Morgan), and as he survived until the year 1646, and was a man of some prominence in his day, he would certainly have taken steps to correct his statements had they been inaccurate. But why these two chapters should appear in the book at all is very strange; for the author here most certainly reverses his own method of reasoning—he inclines to the weaker side of probability rather than to the stronger one of remarkable coincidences; he slights the contemporary evidence, and he ridicules the speculations of Brown and Massey, —all of which may be very good, but how can he disbelieve such facts as these:—

I. The *Sonnets* contain expressions peculiar to Shakespeare. This argument in itself would have little weight if we confined ourselves to the citation of single words and every-day quotations. But we find more than this. We remember having read some time ago that

the lamented Edgar A. Poe was fond of employing such words as "eidolon," "amethystine," etc., and that many authors had a peculiar fondness for certain terms and phrases, which they utilized over and over again. Curiosity prompted us to apply this test to Shakespeare, and we subjoin a few of the results for Mr. Morgan's benefit.

{ He reeleth from the day.	<i>Sonnet VII.</i>
{ A drunkard reels from forth day's path.	<i>Romeo and Juliet</i> , II, iii.
{ Sable curls all silver'd.	<i>Sonnet XII.</i>
{ A sable silver'd.	<i>Hamlet</i> , I, ii.
{ But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive.	<i>Sonnet XIV.</i>
{ From women's eyes this doctrine I derive.	<i>Love's Labour's Lost</i> , IV, iii.
{ Sometimes too hot the eye of heaven shines.	<i>Sonnet XVIII.</i>
{ The searching eye of heaven.	<i>King Richard II</i> : III, ii.
{ Sings hymns at heaven's gate.	<i>Sonnet XXIX.</i>
{ The lark at heaven's gate sings.	<i>Cymbeline</i> , II, iii.
{ Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy.	<i>Sonnet XXXIII.</i>
{ The glorious sun . . . plays the alchemist.	<i>King John</i> , III, i.
{ Gentle thou art, and therefore to be won, Beauteous thou art, therefore to be assailed. She's beautiful, and therefore to be woo'd; She is a woman, therefore to be won. She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd; She is a woman, therefore may be won. Was ever woman in this humour woo'd? Was ever woman in this humour won?	<i>Sonnet XLI.</i> <i>1 Henry VI</i> : V, iii. <i>Titus Andronicus</i> , II, i. <i>Richard III</i> : I, ii.
{ Mine eye is famish'd for a look.	<i>Sonnet XLVII.</i>
{ Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.	<i>Comedy of Errors</i> , II, i.
{ The gentle closure of my breast.	<i>Sonnet XLVIII.</i>
{ The quiet closure of my breast.	<i>Venus and Adonis</i> , 782.
{ The world-without-end hour.	<i>Sonnet LVII.</i>
{ A world-without-end bargain.	<i>Love's Labour's Lost</i> , V, ii.
{ And heavy ignorance.	<i>Sonnet LXXVIII.</i>
{ O heavy ignorance.	<i>Othello</i> , II, i.
{ Mine eye is in my mind.	<i>Sonnet CXIII.</i>
{ In my mind's eye.	<i>Hamlet</i> , I, ii.

This list can of course be extended; to explain the connection referred to, the above examples, however, will suffice.

II. *The Sonnets* are ascribed to Shakespeare by Meres in 1598, and are mentioned by Edward Alleyn in 1609.

III. They were printed with Shakespeare's name on the title-page during his life.

IV. Two of the sonnets inform us that their author's Christian name was "Will."

Now, taken by themselves, these facts prove very little; but when we consider them collectively we have yet to find another personage besides Shakespeare to whom they will all apply. If Mr. Morgan will study these connecting links, will he then deny that the weight of evidence is in favor of the man to whom these sonnets have been attributed for nearly three centuries?

We have read this interesting work thoroughly and carefully. We do not agree with its author upon all points, and many of those who will study the book may side with him, and many with us. But we firmly believe that it will cause students and scholars to take their editions down from the shelves, and inspire them to *think* about the plays. This end accomplished, Mr. Morgan should be satisfied.

The Henry Irving Shakespeare. The Works of William Shakespeare, edited by Henry Irving and Frank A. Marshall. With notes and introductions to each play by F. A. Marshall and other Shakespearian scholars, and numerous illustrations by Gordon Browne. Volume I. New York: Scribner & Welford. 1888.

In the November number of SHAKESPEARIANA (p. 525) it was announced that Henry Irving had at last completed his edition of Shakespeare, and the first volume of the new work is now before us. The actor and the critic have joined hands, and while the latter is mainly responsible for the text, the notes, and the introductions, the former lends his practical theatrical knowledge, indicates how the plays may be shortened for stage representation, and considers to what an extent Shakespeare employed his histrionic talent in adapting them to fit the crude accommodations of the Globe or the Blackfriars. For our part, we surmise that to Mr. Marshall the greater share of the execution has fallen, Mr. Irving having, seemingly, only inserted his brackets in the text and contributed a prefatory essay on "Shakespeare as a Playwright." But this essay is one of the features of the edition, and we are greatly tempted to print it entire, did space permit; for considering the scanty accounts we have of Shakespeare's immediate connection with the stage—the

absence of his name in the books of the Stationers' Company, the silence of Henslowe, and the comparatively few contemporary allusions thus far discovered—we think that Mr. Irving has provided us with a capital relation of Shakespeare the dramatic writer, as contrasted with Shakespeare the genius.

A subject which is criticised at considerable length is the alteration which the plays have undergone, a practice which prevailed in the days of Charles II, and extended to the middle of the last century. Mr. Irving quotes the adaptations, or rather alterations, by Davenant, Crowne, and Cibber, and continues:—

All the principal comedies were, at one time or other, most recklessly manipulated; while of the tragedies, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Lear*, and *Macbeth* suffered much from these improvers of our poet. Perhaps, if we were asked to name the ideal representative of Hamlet, we should say, Betterton was the actor who seems to have satisfied most fully the fastidious requirements of such intellectual lights as Dryden, Steele, and Pope, and who enjoyed the advantage . . . of having received, only at second hand, the poet's own ideas as to the mode of realizing on the stage his great creation. Yet to those who have always been ready to believe that Betterton, even when comparatively an old man, was the best representative of Hamlet, it is humiliating to find, on examining the acting text which was in use at his theatre, that the greatest liberties were taken with the author's language. In many plays of Shakespeare the omission of passages, the modification of certain words or phrases, and the transposition of some scenes, are all absolutely necessary before they can be acted; but the popular taste nowadays would not permit an actor to take such liberties with the text as were once thought not only pardonable but commendable; and, indeed, the more the actor plays Shakespeare, the more he must be convinced that to attempt to improve the language of our greatest dramatist is a very hopeless task.

But we are not inclined to be as severe upon these adaptors as Mr. Irving is. It should be remembered that Shakespeare himself altered his own plays. Only a few days ago a friend of ours—a man well known in connection with the Collier controversy of some thirty years ago—said to us: "If the 1603 *Hamlet* were produced to-night, the author being unknown to you, what would be your verdict?" And we replied that we should certainly call it a very dull play, and probably fall asleep before the conclusion was reached. Shakespeare wrote-

for money, if not for fame; if, therefore, he wished his plays to be remunerative, he must necessarily mould them to suit the popular taste. *Titus Andronicus* was precisely what was required by the audiences who were accustomed to witness the tragedies of horror and lust which Kyd and Marlowe served to them; and if the first *Hamlet* was not successful, the shrewd author was not very long in discovering the defects, and the play was presented in better style—an improved version, as we would say to-day. Moreover, the English people of 1660 to 1750 were not the same individuals as those of 1580 to 1600. The Shakespearian dramas did not please the licentious court of Charles II, nor the essayists who flourished in the reign of Anne. Pepys characterizes more than one of them as “stupid,” and consequently men like Dryden did not hesitate to partly demolish the original structure, and erect thereon a new building more in harmony with the prevailing tastes. It is the generation, we think, who must be blamed for the decline of the Shakespearian drama, and not the handful of playwrights who have produced the “improved versions” above alluded to.

Aside from this, however, we agree with Mr. Irving, that Shakespeare’s popularity as a playwright must have been very great during his lifetime, and that “the stage cannot be dissociated from Shakespeare, either as the poet or as the man. It was the lever with which he moved the world, and, while we accord to him the supremacy of literature, it is but just to remember the partial aid he derived from his judgment and experience as playwright and player.”

ALBERT R. FREY.

Miscellany.

To knit again
This scattered corn into one mutual sheaf.
—*Titus Andronicus*, V, iii, 70.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON CHURCH.—The vicar of Stratford printed recently in the *London Times*, a complaint of the English public for not sending contributions to restore "Shakespeare's church." Shortly after, in the same journal (Jan. 30th.), the apathy of the public in this respect was defended in the following letter:—

... So far from the public being censurable for their hesitation in this matter, they will be much to blame if they support, without examination, a scheme which involves one of the few acts of Shakespearian Vandalism that remain to be perpetrated in the poet's native town—a scheme, moreover, that will most probably lead to other disasters. Those who have studied the history of the edifice may be excused for thinking it possible that the irremediable mischief which accrued through local management on previous occasions may now be repeated under similar conditions.

It is not likely that the full extent of that mischief will ever be ascertained. No details are extant of the extensive alterations made in the chancel in the closing years of the last century, and, strangely enough, no particulars are recorded of the deplorable metamorphosis of the interior of the entire building that was effected so recently as 1835. I sadly fear, from what I am told by the surviving relatives of the architect who was engaged on the latter occasion, that none of his drawings or notes have been preserved; and I have exhausted without success every possible means of discovering copies of either the specifications or the builder's accounts.

We know, however, that in 1835 the interesting remains of Thomas à Becket's chapel were ruthlessly discarded. A number of those remains coming into my possession about the year 1860, I gave them in behalf of the church to the then vicar, and they are, I believe, still to be seen in the churchyard. Whether it would be desirable or even practicable to restore them to their ancient position I am not competent to say, but the subject is at all events one that deserves investigation.

We know also that at one or other of these so-called restorations the stone that had originally covered the poet's grave was replaced by another purchased from the yard of a modern stonemason. This fact has been weakly disputed on the strength of a supposititious tradition; but whoever will take the trouble to compare the present tombstone with that on the grave of the poet's wife, and with others that have clearly not been tampered with, will be satisfied that it cannot be that which was modelled in the reign of James I.

There is neither hope nor guarantee that the church will fare at all better under its present rulers. The restoration committee commenced with the obviously judicious removal of the modern galleries, but after that operation the Rubicon of safety was passed. It is clear from their subsequent proceedings that they have not taken the slightest pains to make themselves acquainted with the history of the edifice they are altering. It is almost incredible, but it is nevertheless a fact, that they entered on an extensive series of repairs without even incurring the very small labor required for the preparation of a protective schedule of the monuments affected by those repairs. Then, again, owning myself by far the largest and most important collection of drawings of the church anywhere to be found, including some of the earliest known to exist, I thought it my duty to offer the committee the use of them; but a polite acknowledgment was all that emanated from the offer, and it was, of course, outside my province to move further in the matter. All this exhibits an apathy that is altogether inconsistent with an anxious desire on the part of the committee for the execution of a legitimate restoration.

It is, then, no wonder that the scheme of the committee includes the proposal for a serious piece of Vandalism, no less a one than the removal of the ancient charnal-house crypt to make way for a modern addition to the northern exterior of the church—an excrescence that, however skillfully contrived, could not possibly harmonize with the mediæval work. This crypt, partially underground, and its basement reached by a flight of steps, was entered from the chancel through a doorway which, although now blocked up, is, with its curious hoodmould terminations, one of the most interesting relics of the older church. Unvarying tradition tells us that it was the contemplation of the contents of this crypt, used through the Shakespearian period for a charnal-house, that elicited the poet's request for the public expression of his wish that his grave might never be disturbed. It is situated but a few feet from that grave, and the tradition is well supported by the recently ascertained fact that the poet knew that, as a tithe-owner, he would necessarily be buried in the chancel. The charnal-house is now concealed, and opinions differ as to the extent of the remains of the crypt; but they are certainly considerable, and it will be a pity if the public does not insist upon a definite withdrawal of the scheme

for their destruction before they contribute another shilling to the restoration fund.

When the present restoration scheme was first promulgated it was announced that no alterations were to be made without the sanction of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings. Surely no such society could authorise the demolition of the mediæval crypt, but of late the restoration prospectuses contain no indication of any sort of deference to outside criticism. The hat is sent round to the world in the name of Shakespeare, but the claims of Shakespearian association are practically ignored, and the poor world is to have no voice in the expenditure. The plain fact is that any one who dares to call in question the infallibility of the local judgment is considered at Stratford "most tolerable and not to be endured," and if any of your readers have a fancy to witness a revival of the pillory I will give them due notice of my next visit to Warwickshire. But, presuming that Mr. Henry Irving is correct in a recent assertion—and no one can have better opportunities of judging—that there is a daily increasing interest in the details of Shakespearian biography, than the Stratfordians for their own sakes will, if they are wise, support those who would jealously guard the absolute integrity of every vestige of Shakespeare's town—that is to say, of the town as it existed from 1564 to 1616—instead of encouraging designs that promote its obliteration.

Your obedient servant,

Hollingbury Copse, Brighton.

J. O. HALLIWELL-PHILLIPS.

THE ELIZABETHAN METAPHOR.—One of the most valuable of the number of excellent papers presented to the Fifth Annual Convention of the Modern Language Association, held in Philadelphia, December 28th, 29th, 30th, was that of Dr. Henry Wood, on "The Brief, or Pregnant Metaphor in the Minor Elizabethan Dramatists." In the conceits peculiar to the Elizabethan dramatic style was found its original and appropriate expression. Instead of being an ornament to style this metaphor was regarded as an essential, emphasizing the thought, making it clearer and bringing up to the mind a flood of historical and literary reminiscences. What volumes the phrase "Poison speaks Italian" contains!

DISCOVERY OF DOCUMENTS AT STRATFORD.—In an old walled-up chamber of what used to be the Guild Hall, and is now part of the Grammar School at Stratford-on-Avon, nearly 4,000 ancient documents have been discovered. The existence of this room was revealed

while alterations were being made, and the documents in question were found strewn all over the floor. The bulk of these are in a fair state of preservation, only a few being illegible. A hasty examination shows that some are dated as far back as 1579, three years before Shakespeare was married. They seem mostly town and parish papers, with wills, deeds, petitions and all sorts of written records. They have been put in a place of safety, and Mr. Savage of Stratford-on-Avon is to make a minute examination of them. This news reaches America by cablegram from London, dated March 3d, and how true this is, or what possible revelations concerning Shakespeare are likely to be obtained, yet remains to be seen.

THE FIRST BILL OF THE PLAY AND EARLIER CUSTOMS.—Dryden was the first dramatic author who wrote a programme of his piece ("The Indian Emperor"), and distributed it at the play-house door. Barton Booth, the original Cato, drew £50 a year for writing out the daily bills for the printer. In still earlier days, theatrical announcements were made by sound of drum. There was a fashion, which only expired about a score or so of years ago, as the curtain was descending at the close of a five-act piece, which was always played first, an actor stepped forward, and when the curtain separated him from his fellows, he gave out the next evening's performance, and retired, bowing, through one of the doors which always then stood with brass knockers on them upon the stage.—DR. DORAN'S "In and About Drury Lane."

THE CRYPTOGRAM LINGERS.—Mr. Donnelly's book is again delayed. The publishers say: "The complete volume will not be ready until the 1st of May. Mr. Donnelly is very anxious to have his manuscript free from any possible error, and for this reason has delayed the publication of the book."